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Valentine <3



👁 470 ✓ 50 ★ 43

Chapter 1 by Phantim

I was dreaming about it again.. my perfect Valentine's day.

Chapter 2 by Phantim



I was sitting in a Starbuck's, gently sipping away on my Latte. I was sad that I was alone on Valentine's day again. Suddenly the window shatters, glass is everywhere. I am scared as she grabs me, dragging me outside and throwing me into the trunk of her car. I think I am going to die. I don't care, my life sucks, at least this is exciting. When the car finally stops, I prepare for the worst. But when the trunk opens, I am enthralled. She is standing there in a tight black leather biker outfit. Her long wavy black hair frames her pale creamy face. Her makeup creates shadowy rings around her beautiful icy blue eyes. Her plump pink lips part slightly as she says "Come with me."

Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



Except I'm a lovestruck idiot who doesn't realize that this isn't a John Green novel, it's a fucking kidnapping, so when she bashes my head in with a shovel it's totally unexpected on my part.

What a hell of a way to live out my life. I've done nothing but fantasized about being taken away by a strong, powerful figure into a world where I can be everything I want to be. I've just expected matters to be handed to me. I've just expected to be the type of girl I am. How foolish! And now my soul is in a world where I can't even see her. I've just expected to be the type of girl I am. How foolish! And now my soul is in a world where I can't even see her. I've just expected to be the type of girl I am. How foolish! And now my soul is in a world where I can't even see her.

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Hey, maybe Satan wants to go out on a date.

Chapter 4 by Harlander



I'd all but expected that being cold-cocked with a shovel would be the end of me, so opening my eyes to see flames wasn't a great surprise.

"So this is Hell..." I said aloud.

"No, you idiot," a familiar voice said. It was the beautiful kidnapper who'd given me a love tap with an entrenchment tool. We were in an elegant, oak-panelled room, with a fire burning in a grate.

I wriggled, expecting to be tied hand and foot, but no. I was unbound.

"What is going on here?" I asked, but she just smiled with those coral lips and chuckled softly.

"You'll find out soon enough," she said, and stepped out. There was the unmistakable metallic sound of the door being locked.

I reached into my pocket. Against all hope, my phone was still there! What kind of low-effort kidnapping was this?

I checked the display. No mobile signal, but there was an open WiFi network. Maybe I could send a message to someone, get some help. As soon as I tried to connect, though, a weird page appeared onscreen.

It was blank, other than a login box with the words

PROJECT VALENTINE
AUTHORISED USERS ONLY

Chapter 5 by Grasshopper



I tried a few different combinations of users and passwords until I found one that worked: "hugs" and "kisses". There were three tabs on the first one labeled

Cameras, and beneath it I saw a view of two and empty room much like the one I saw a view of two

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people in a room. As I took a closer look I could see that one of them was about to shoot the other with a bow and arrow, while the other one..... Was Me!!

I jumped to the floor and scooted my way up against the door. Frantic I looked about the room but there was no one else here. I looked back at my phone and only saw myself as I waved one arm. I punched on the rest of the cameras until I came across one looking down a hallway. A hallway with three people walking my way.

Chapter 6 by Grasshopper



Looking at my screen I was able to determine where the camera was but more importantly where the camera couldn't see. The camera was in a painting of an ugly little troll dressed up like Cupid. It was one of those creepy painting where the eyes seems to follow you anywhere you walk.

As I heard there footsteps coming closer, I turned off my phone, placed it back in my pocket then sat down on the couch that was under the camera and tried to look as natural as I could. I heard them stop in front of my door, and after about a minute, they broke their silence. I couldn't quite make out what they were saying so I got up and placed my ear on the door. They went silent again. I felt a chill come over me as one stated "He has not been assimilated yet". Then I heard them turn and walk off.

I sat back under the camera and pulled back out my phone. I had to dry off my hands because they were too sweaty to operate the screen. Once back in, I looked at the other two tabs. The second one was labeled "orientation", and the third "deployment".

Chapter 7 by Grasshopper



Deployment.....

There were only a few sub-tabs under it, but the one that caught my eye was labeled "Kiss & Tell". When I chose that one, it started listing the names of world leaders. When I punched the Pope's name it stated that cupid6759 was assigned to him. OMG.... They're going to make the

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Netanyahu with Mahmoud Abbas, Queen Elizabeth with her dog Monty IX..... I couldn't read any more!

I turned off my phone and started pacing the floor. Each time, I walked past that ugly painting of the dressed up troll. Each time it's eyes followed me where ever I went. Suddenly I stopped. I'd noticed something I hadn't seen before. I went in for a closer look. Closer and closer I could see something written on the band of his arrow quiver.... Closer... "5643" I said aloud! That's when I saw the little troll look down at me!!!!

Chapter 8 by Grasshopper



The troll grew larger as it jumped from the painting and drew back it's bow. As I turned to run, the door swung open and I ran smack into the tight black leather shovel whacking beauty. We were looking into each other's eyes as the arrow pierced through our bodies. We stood there for a second then embraced each other in a wildly passionate kiss. She pushed me aside then picked up the struggling troll and threw it into the fireplace where it instantly exploded into ash.

Alarms started sounding from everywhere followed by "We Have A Code One" coming over the loudspeakers. She picked me up and threw me over her broad shoulder. As she carried me down the hall I could see three large uniformed men running after us. She was able to make it to her car, and threw me into her open trunk. She leaned in and gave me a kiss "Will you marry me"? she asked. I meekly said yes, and she closed the trunk and drove off. "I guess old habits are hard to break" I told myself. When she opened the trunk again, we were in Vegas. She pull me out, threw me over her shoulder, and carried me into the chapel. We have been madly in love every since.

I looked over at her and she scrunches up her nose and gives me a big kiss. I looked back across the table at Ron and Marcy who both had their mouths wide open. "So, that's how we met. How did the two of you meet"?

Ron reaches up to tug and loosen his tie "Uhhhh..... Online"? Ron offered uneasy. Marcy looks up at Ron equally stunned, waits a second and says "Wait, it changes our drink order, which ever the first having it."

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